# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co., Publishers.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1376.


## Original Poetry.

### THE WOODLAND HARP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES C. BIGGLEY.

Oh, Woodland Harp! thy wild, sweetest'd lay,
Gliding, lonely, down the silent, parting breeze,
Thy pensive strains at sober shut of day,
Sigh, mournful, through the woodland forest trees.

No cozy polish to thy notes belong;
No academic lore thy numbers fire;
No artistic, schooled, but thy humbler song;
No lofty passion there thy breathing tones inspire.

'Tis thine to pour thy wild, impulsive'd strains,
On the dull ear of lonely solitude;
To wake, perchance, the joy of rustic swains,
Around the rude hearth of cottage rude.

Oh, Woodland Harp! the tones are sweet to me,
Thy melancholy sweep thy chords along;
All mood as it will in thy sad melody,
With the wild numbers of thy woodland song.

What! the dark and sable cypress wreath
Itself about the narrow-starting bell!
What! the thy sadly-pleasing warbles breathe
Those strains that rise for the soul of grief so well!

'Tis thine to wake the music of the grove,
And come the "sad, crowd answer" of the shade,
To touch fond echoes that lie within its rove,
And charm the genius of the woody glade.

Breathe softly on those chords, ye evening airs,
And bear their softly-sighing strains away;
So shall the rather weary away his cares,
Till sooner yield to more pervading day.

### THE RUINS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

Ruins, ruins, ruins, eternal glooms!
Ye remaining columns and ye mouldering walls,
Ye desert gardens, and ye nameless tombs,
Where the Nightwind in mournful numbers falls,
Of the joyous days' eyeball glimmering by!
Through the long night that wraps your distinct grave

The moon along your ruin'd aisles faint streaming,
The wandering winds that in the lonesome waste
The sands deep piled around the pedestals,
Giving no echo to the lonely hour!
While the sad wind's mournful, midnight call
Sounds solemn from the ochre of crumbling tower.
The sleep of death, the dumb solemnity
Reigns, ruins, ruins, how eloquent are ye!

## Original Sketch.

### TREATING A CASE ACTIVELY. A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY JOHN JONES, M. D.

I was once sent for, in great haste, to attend a gentleman of respectability, whose wife, a lady of delicate nerves and refinement, had found him in her room lying senseless upon the floor.

On arriving at the house, I found Mrs. H——— in great distress of mind.

"What is the matter with Mr. H———?" I asked, on meeting her lady, who was in tears and looking the picture of distress.

"I am afraid it is apoplexy," she replied. "I found him lying upon the floor, where he had, to all appearance, fallen suddenly from his chair. His face is purple, and though he breathes, it is with great difficulty."

I went up to see my patient. He had been lifted from the floor and was now lying upon the bed. There was enough in his appearance, as his wife had declared, but somewhat the symptoms did not indicate apoplexy. Every vein in his head and face was tinged, and he lay perfectly stupid, but still I saw no clear indications of an actual or approaching congestion of the brain.

Hadn't he better be bled, Doctor?" asked the anxious wife.

"I don't know that it is necessary," I replied. "I think if we let him alone it will pass off in the course of a few hours."

"A few hours! He may die in half an hour."

"I don't think the case is so dangerous, madam."

"Apoplexy not dangerous!"

"I don't think it apoplexy," I replied.

"Pray what do you think it is, Doctor?"

"I have not yet formed an opinion," I said.

I delicately hinted that he might, possibly, have been drinking too much brandy; but to this she gave the petty and decidedly indignant reply:

"No, Doctor. Joseph is known about that," she said. "Depend upon it, the disease is more deeply seated. I can send for a doctor, Doctor, and see if you bleed him, Doctor? A few ounces of blood taken from his arm may give life to the now stagnant current of the blood in his veins."

Thus urged, I, after some reflection, ordered a bowl and bandage, and by opening a vein, from which the blood flowed freely, relieved him of about eight ounces of his circulating medium. But he still lay as insensible as before, much to the distress of his poor wife.

"Something else must be done, Doctor," she urged, "something had not been accomplished by this thing. "If my husband is not quickly relieved, he must die."

By this time, several friends and relatives, who had been sent for, arrived, and urged upon me the adoption of some more active means for restoring the sick man to consciousness. One proposed mustard plasters all over his body; another a blister on the head; another the immediate use of hot water. I suggested that it might be well to use a stomach pump.

"Why, Doctor 1" asked one of the friends.

"Perhaps he has taken poison," I replied.

"Impossible, Doctor," said the wife. "He has not been from home to-day, and there is no drug of any kind in the house."

"No brandy?" I ventured this suggestion again.

"No, Doctor! No spirits of any kind, nor even wine in the house," returned Mrs. H——, in an offended tone.

I was not the regular family physician, and had been called in to meet the alarming emergency, because my office happened to be situated in the dwelling of Mr. H———. Feeling my position to be a difficult one, I suggested that the family physician had better be called.

"Ef the delay, Doctor," urged the friends.

"No harm will result from it," he answered, "I replied.

But my words did not assure them. However, as I was firm in my opinion that to do anything more for the patient until Doctor S——— came, they had to submit. I wished to make a call of importance in the neighborhood, and proposed going, to be back by the time Doctor S——— arrived; but the friends of the sick man would not suffer me to leave the room.

When Doctor S——— came, we conversed aside for a few minutes, and I gave him my opinion of the case, and stated what I had done and why I had done it. We then proceeded to the bedside of our patient. There were still no signs of approaching consciousness.

"Don't you think his head ought to be shaved and blistered?" asked the wife, anxiously.

Doctor S——— thought a moment, and then said,

"Yes, by all means. Send for a barber; and also for a fresh fly blister, four inches by nine."

I looked into the face of Doctor S——— with surprise. It was perfectly grave and earnest. I hesitated to hint my doubt of the good that mode of treatment would do. But he spoke confidently of the result, and said that it would not only ease the disease, but, he believed, take away the prodigious loss thereto with which Mr. H——— was affected in a high degree.

The barber came. The head of H——— was shaved; and Doctor S——— applied the blister with his own hands, which completely covered the scalp from forehead to occiput.

"Let it remain on for two hours, and then make use of the ordinary dressing," said Doctor S———.

"If he should not recover during the action of the blister, don't feel uneasy. Sensibility will be restored soon after."

I did not call again, but I heard from Doctor S——— the result.

After we left, the friends stood anxiously around the bed upon which the sick man lay; but though the blister began to draw, no signs of returning consciousness were observed therefore, further than an occasional low snore, or an uneasy tossing of the arms. For full two hours the burning plaster parched the tender skin of H———'s shorn head, and was then removed. It had done good service. Dressings were then applied; repeated and repeated again; but still the sick man lay in a deep stupor.

"It has done no good. Hadn't we better send for the Doctor 1" suggested the wife.

Just then the eyes of H——— opened, and he half raised himself upon his elbow, upon from face for face of the anxious group that surrounded the bed.

"What in the mischief's the matter?" he at length said. At the same time feeling a strange sensation about his head, he placed his hand rather hastily thereon.

"Heavens and earth!" He was now fully in his senses. "Heavens and earth! What ails my head 1"

"For mercy's sake keep quiet," said the wife, the glad tears gushing over her face. "You have been very ill. There, there, now!" And she spoke soothingly. "Don't say a word; but lie very still."

"But why head! What's the matter with my head. It feels as if scalded. Where's my hair? Heavens and earth, Sarah! Idon't understand this. And my arm! What's my arm tied up in this way for?"

"Be quiet, my dear husband, and I'll explain it all. You be very quiet. Your life depends upon it."

Mr. H——— soon sank upon the pillow from which he had arisen, and closed his eyes to think. He put his hand to his head, and felt it, tenderly, all over, from temple to temple, and from nape to forehead.

"Is it a blister?" he at length asked.

"Yes, dear. You have been very ill. We heard for your life," and Mrs. H——— affectionately.

"——— closed his eyes again. His lips moved. These nearest were not much enlisted by the whispered words that issued therefrom. The sick man have sounded very strangely in a church; or in a rare parlor and refined. After this he lay for some time quiet.

"Threatened with apoplexy, I suppose?" he then said, interrogatively.

"Yes, dear," replied his wife. "I found you lying insensible upon the floor on happening to come into your room. You must be very careful, for I discovered you when I did, or you would certainly have died."

Mr. H——— shut his eyes and muttered something with an air of impatience. But its meaning was not understood.

"I have had a hair-out of danger, friends and relatives retired, and the sick man was left alone with his family.

"Sarah!" he said, "why in Heaven's name, did you permit the Doctors to butcher me in this way? I'm laid up for a week or two, and all for nothing."

"It was to save your life, dear."

"Save the——"

"Hush! There! Do, for Heaven's sake! be quiet. Every thing depends upon it."

"What's the matter with my head——" shut his eyes, teeth and hands, and lay perfectly still for some minutes. Then he turned his face to the wall, seeming in a low, petulant voice,

"Too bad! Too bad! Too bad!"

I had not entered in my first and my last suspension of H———'s disease, neither had Doctor S———, although he used a very extraordinary mode of treatment. The facts of the case were these.

H——— had a weakness. He couldn't taste wine without drinking it to excess. He couldn't get excess. Both himself and friends were mortified and grieved at this; and they, by admonition, and by the most affectionate solicitude, tried to keep him down. But, to one was to taste, to taste was to fall. At last, his friends urged him to shut himself up, and let the fever burn itself out. "Don't let you bleed him, Doctor? A few ounces of blood taken from his arm may give life to the now stagnant current of the blood in his veins."

Thus urged, I, after some reflection, ordered a bowl and bandage, and by opening a vein, from which the blood flowed freely, relieved him of about eight ounces of his circulating medium. But, he still lay as insensible as before, much to the distress of his poor wife.

"Something else must be done, Doctor," she urged, "something had not been accomplished by this thing. "If my husband is not quickly relieved, he must die."

By this time, several friends and relatives, who had been sent for, arrived, and urged upon me the adoption of some more active means for restoring the sick man to consciousness. One proposed mustard plasters all over his body; another a blister on the head; another the immediate use of hot water. I suggested that it might be well to use a stomach pump.

"Why, Doctor 1" asked one of the friends.

"Perhaps he has taken poison," I replied.

"Impossible, Doctor," said the wife. "He has not been from home to-day, and there is no drug of any kind in the house."

"No brandy?" I ventured this suggestion again.

"No, Doctor! No spirits of any kind, nor even wine in the house," returned Mrs. H——, in an offended tone.

I was not the regular family physician, and had been called in to meet the alarming emergency, because my office happened to be situated in the dwelling of Mr. H———. Feeling my position to be a difficult one, I suggested that the family physician had better be called.

"Ef the delay, Doctor," urged the friends.

"No harm will result from it," he answered," I replied.

But my words did not assure them. However, as I was firm in my opinion that to do anything more for the patient until Doctor S——— came, they had to submit. I wished to make a call of importance in the neighborhood, and proposed going, to be back by the time Doctor S——— arrived; but the friends of the sick man would not suffer me to leave the room.

When Doctor S——— came, we conversed aside for a few minutes, and I gave him my opinion of the case, and stated what I had done and why I had done it. We then proceeded to the bedside of our patient. There were still no signs of approaching consciousness.

"Don't you think his head ought to be shaved and blistered?" asked the wife, anxiously.

Doctor S——— thought a moment, and then said,

"Yes, by all means. Send for a barber; and also for a fresh fly blister, four inches by nine."

I looked into the face of Doctor S——— with surprise. It was perfectly grave and earnest. I hesitated to hint my doubt of the good that mode of treatment would do. But he spoke confidently of

## Selected Tale.

### TOO HANDSOME. A Tale.

FROM SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE.

It is quite possible for a man, or a woman either, to be too handsome. We do not pretend that this is an original remark, springing from our own apparent brain, because our conscience forces us to acknowledge the working. Nevertheless, it is an observation which few make, and fewer still will confess to be true. Therefore, we intend to enter the lists in behalf of ugliness. From this declaration, it will doubtless be concluded that we are some old bachelor, ugly enough "to frighten the horses" or country children say; but decidedly such is not the case.

Having thus given out our thesis, it is our intention to illustrate it by a tale—an "every true tale," as the annuals would write; and, moreover, we judge it best at once to acknowledge that it is a love-tale,—nothing but a common-place love-tale; no wonderful self-devotion, no "heroism in humble life," it will be found therein, therefore, gentle reader, if it interest in need it. If, and, after this declaration, we will begin.

Philip Heathcote lived in a country town, where he was the beau par excellence,—the Adonis, Apollo, Narcissus, of almost every young lady, from fifteen to fifty; and, to tell the truth, Philip was indeed very handsome. We have no intention of describing categorically his eyes, nose, and mouth, because beauty is entirely a personal matter. It is seldom that two people agree on the subject—Each one has his or her ideal of perfection, and rejoice elsewhere in a certain extent as they approach to, or diverge from, this image, formed in each mind. Ugliness becomes beauty, and beauty ugliness, according to one's own fancy. There is no glamour so complete as that of a loving eye. Therefore, let the fair one picture our young hero to her resembling her own, and she will like Philip Heathcote all the better.

Philip was one of those fortunate persons who seem born with talents for every thing. His conversation was winning enough to "wile a bird off a bush," he was a "man of infinite humor" as Shakspeare has it, and possessed that ever-welcome quality of making the dullest party merry when he pleased it. Then he was the best dancer, the best singer, the best flute-player, for miles round;—the best sportsman, composed songs, drew likenesses,—in short, Philip was a perfect of perfection. His praises rang through the country round; none were insensible to it, save one, the very last he would have wished to be so,—a young girl, named Margaret Lester.

With that peculiar contradiction which characterizes love, young Heathcote's heart—if he had a heart, which some doubted—was given to one entirely the opposite of himself. Quiet, unassuming, not beautiful, only interesting, with no accomplishments, save a sweet voice, which could warble the airs that Margaret Lester had put claim away all the love which the showy, fascinating, dashing Philip could bestow; and, wonderful to tell, was quite contented to be her quire. She was not in love with any one else,—that was certain: and that the sweet, gentle Margaret was capable of loving with all her impossible, too, but she did not care for Philip in the least. She never asked for his party; seldom danced with him; was perfectly happy to walk with any one else; would quietly, and without changing color, acknowledge his personal and mental qualifications, and hear him with the greatest apparent perfect for specialties. In worldly matters both were equal; neither very rich, but neither very poor—the genteel "middle class" of life" was all useless; and Philip at last, mortified with the calm indifference which his every homage was from the outset received, all onward show of it, paid attention equally to every new or pretty face, and seemed determined entirely and finally to withdraw ever easily laying on being loved. Margaret was an apparently unmoved by her lover's dereliction, as by his previous adoration. Her real thoughts on the subject were only expressed to her mother, who naturally wished to see her only child settled.

"Why could not you be like Philip Heathcote?" asked Mrs. Lester. "You know, love, he has good prospects; every one admires him; he is very popular, and the idol of almost whatever he goes."

"That is the very reason he did not please me, dear mamma," answered Margaret. "I should not wish my husband to be so fascinating; I want one who will love entirely and only me. I should be inclined to distrust a man who was so very brilliant: he would never do for home. Don't you remember, dear Beatrice, in 'Much Ado About Nothing,' when Don Pedro asks if she will have him for her husband, 'No,' she says; 'I should want another heart with gentle Jesse; my grace is too costly for everyday wear.' And," continued Miss Lester, laughing cheerfully, "I think it is much the same with poor Philip. Ah! Philip Heathcote, with all his talent and brilliancy, still knows little of the depths of a woman's heart. He don't know the love of her who broke the plighted troth of years, because a beaut affectation—it was deperation of beauty—led her to the altar. He don't know the lonely cowering love, know it also; yet she was strangely averse to acquainting her absent lover with the fearful secret. Whether it was that she had her doubts as to his affections.

Philip, in spite of his conviction of the entire hopelessness of winning Margaret's heart, still continued to hover about her notwithstanding. He said he was very fond of her, and he was, that he was too handsome and too fascinating for her.

Mrs. Lester and her daughter used to wonder at this; much, indeed, as there was announced their lodgers, a morning visitor; and one never particularly welcome at any time,—the news-retailer of the place, and of feminine Fad Fry. Country secrets, alas! has not the blessing of London visiting—so dropping the acquaintance of these humbler circles. There was a suspicious twinkling in Mrs. Doddridge's little black eyes, which showed she was possessed of some secret, and that one of its communications came, at the earliest opportunity.

"Have you heard of the fire?"

"What fire?" asked the ever-sympathizing Mrs. Lester.

"What, not about the fire at Farmer Weston's last young Mr. Heathcote—Philip, I mean—and Miss Lester, I see by your looks you have heard about it. I see the neighbors stretch."

"I am sorry for it," said Margaret, quietly. "What has happened to him?"

"I thought you must know, love,—but, you see, I forgot. He is not quite killed,—almost."

Both the ladies started; and, to their surprise, Mrs. Doddridge seemed to enjoy the fact of the substance of which, separating truth from fiction, we will tell in our own words. Philip, coming home from a country ball, had seen a light amid the foliage of his cottage, especially in a lonely country place, a house on fire. He spurred his horse to the utmost speed, and reached it with assistance, too late. The house was wrapped in flames; and the farmer's aged mother was still within: no one thought of saving her. Heathcote, with a sudden and generous impulse, rushed into the burning mass, and they never thought to see him return, until he staggered forward, with his burden dead in his arms, and fell insensible on the ground. When he returned to consciousness, he was found to be fearfully burnt, one foot entirely crushed by a falling beam. The young, gay, handsome Philip, who had deserted so sorrily a few hours before, and claimed all, as was his wont, was taken home by the grey morning twilight disfigured for life!

Margaret Lester's kind heart overflowed with commingled pity at hearing this melancholy story of her former lover. And then his heroic and generous deed! She could not have believed him capable of such. Her own unacknowledged secret for having misjudged him, and many slight instances of his kindly feeling rose to her mind, which showed he must have had a higher and better character beneath the one in which he publicly appeared. There is nothing so sweet or so all-entrancing as the magnanimity of a deserted woman, though she exercised towards a rejected, or even a faithless lover.

Many months did Philip lay on his lonely and desolate sick bed, for he had no mother or sister to watch over him. None but young those who had been so charmed with him sent to inquire after the poor young man for a little time. But the interest and excitement of the accident soon died away; and long before the invalid was able to crawl to the closed-garden of the old manor-house where he lived, all had forsaken him except one or two kind souls who sent him a book now and then out of charity. Among these was Mrs. Lester, and "there" at last the young man recovered, gratefully, or somewhat else, warmer still, led him thither, the first day he left his home.

No one had been there since his accident, except his medical attendant. Philip could not bear that his former friends should see how fearfully changed he was. His beautiful and classic features were scarcely recognizable, for the deep scars on his face, and his finely-proportioned figure and elastic gait were changed into miserable lameness. It was a fearful shock; such as none but a strong heart could bear. But Philip's strong, long and solitary illness, had thought much and deeply; and his external appearance was scarcely more changed in a certain sense than his character, all his courage he could not repress many a bitter sigh, as he looked about on Mrs. Lester's disarming room, and caught a glimpse of Beatrice's bright and elastic gait were changed unknown

# United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1847.


## TERMS.

Single copies, $3 per annum in advance—$2 if not paid in advance.

For $5 in advance one copy will be sent three years.

For $10 in advance will be sent the following clubbing terms, viz:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 4 COPIES, | $10.00 | PER ANNUM. |
| 7 | $20.00 | " " |
| 13 | $30.00 | " " |
| 18 | $40.00 | " " |

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Subscribers will always state the Post Office removed from, as well as that to which the paper is to be sent hereafter.

### INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following persons; any one who is acquainted with them will confer a favor on the publisher by informing him of their residence, as he *don't pay his debts* to send the money.

Of John L. Smith, late of Wordsworthville, Virginia—he

Of Nat. Steele, late of Winchester Illinois

Of Nicoli Harrold, late of do.

Of J. N Hutchinson, Jr. Boaze, and Andrew Hutchinson, late of Steele P. O., Indiana

Of L. B. Bolton, late of Parker's Grove, Illinois

Of John Brandish, late of Columbus, Ohio

Of Syvanus Jefferson, late of Norwalk, Ohio.

Of M. C. Wiley, late of Valley Creek, Alabama

Of Jno. M. Smith, late of Troy, Pa.

Of J. L. Waterhouse, late of Mount Morris, N. York

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANNEXATION, Phoenixville. We have received from a number the answer or rather answers to this problem; and have inserted the first which came to hand. We have no room for the solutions in detail. We have also received several other problems, but regret that the answers never came with them. In order that we might publish them regularly the week following the appearance of the problem.

### NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

This is the time when we usually appeal to our readers, to get up clubs and forward their subscriptions for a new year. We have tried during the past year to make a good paper, one both interesting and instructive, and we trust that our subscribers, if they think we have succeeded, will not only send on their own money for the new year, but will use some exertion among their neighbors and friends to extend our list.

The terms of the Post are as low as those of any other paper of the same size and quality. By keeping the matter that has already appeared in a daily, using inferior paper, and purchasing no original articles, we could make up an inferior sheet at a lower price, but it is the pride of the proprietor of the Post to publish an original weekly sheet, printed on good paper, with type that will not rush the eyes of their subscribers. That such as supporters are wanted, and that the country is prepared to pay a fair price for a good article, is fully proven by the success of those papers which have not thought it wise to sacrifice quality to a mere superficial cheapness. In connection we would again take the liberty of reminding our readers, that now is the time to send on back dollars, and new subscriptions, and to say a good word to their neighbors on our behalf. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.

### OUR COLUMNS.

Our columns this week are so filled up with the Message, that we have no room for the usual assortment of editorials, news items, &c.

### THE MESSAGE.

We had intended to give our readers an abstract of the Message, drawn entirely from our own perusal; but as we have found it impossible at present to read the Message thoroughly ourselves, we take the liberty of laying before our readers the following compend of it, drawn partly from the columns of a contemporary.

The first three columns of the Message, after a proper expression of thankfulness for the general prosperity of the nation, are devoted to an examination of the war question; and the conclusion to which the President arrives is, that "the best means of vindicating the national honor and interest, and of bringing the war to an honorable close" will be to prosecute it with increased energy and power in the vital parts of the country.

At the same time the President says:

"It has never been contemplated by me, as an object of the war, to make a permanent entry, expel the Republic of Mexico, or to annihilate her separate existence as an independent nation.

He is opposed to the policy either of withdrawing our forces entirely, or of talking and holding a certain line, thinking that such movements would only tend to prolong the war.

He is also opposed to yielding up New Mexico and California, thinking that such movements would only tend to prolong the war.

He says that as the future prosecution of the war, the enemy must be made to feel its presence more than they have heretofore done, and he recommends that no additional regular force be raised for service during the war, and that authority be given to accept the services of volunteers for such time and extent as the emergencies of the service may require.

The difficulties with Brazil are nearly adjusted, and information has been received that a Minister Plenipotentiary from that Government will soon arrive at Washington, to settle and adjust all the remaining causes of dispute.

The Government of Peru has paid two instalments of $30,000 each, of its indemnity, according to the treaty.

He recommends that measures be taken for the establishment in China of Civil Tribunals, to try and punish crimes committed by American citizens. He recommends that, under present circumstances are amendable to no laws, the recent treaty with China having withdrawn them from the jurisdiction of that Government. This is something new.

He recommends the opening of diplomatic relations with the Papal States, and that Charges *des Affaires* be sent to Bolivia, Guatemala and Ecuador.

The exports for the year ending 30th June, 1847, were $146,545,838, and the exports, $154,448,825. The receipts into the Treasury for the same period, were $26,548,789 37, of which there were received from Customs, $23,747,865 66, and from Public Land Sales $2,698,310 20. The rest is miscellaneous. The expenditures during the same period were $59,451,377 65, of which $15,750,000 73, were for interest on the public debt.

The estimated receipts into the Treasury up to the 30th June, 1848, including the balance on 1st July last, will be $47,965,747 66, and the expenditures for the year is not concluded, during the same period, $59,451,000 00.

The actual public debt, on the first of the present month, including Treasury notes, was $41,959,459 45. A new loan of $18,000,000 is recommended, and should the war with Mexico be continued until the 30th of June, 1848, a further loan of twenty millions dollars will be required for the fiscal year ending on that day; in case no duty be imposed on tea and coffee, and the public lands be not reduced and graduated in price, and no military reservations be collected in Mexico. The latter one, however, is not asked for at this time. Also a duty on Tea and Coffee, and the graduation of the price of the public lands are recommended.

The remainder of the message is occupied with references to the Smithsonian bequest, the Treasury—modifications of both of which will be presented by the Secretary—to the Preemption laws—to Oregon—to the state and condition of the Indian tribes, &c.

The Post Master General has contracted for the construction of five steamships to be employed as mail-boats in the service of the United States, between New York, Charleston, Savannah, Havana and Chagres. The President recommends that authority be given for the construction of five additional steamships, to be used for foreign mail service. He apprehends no difficulty in making postal arrangements with all foreign powers except Great Britain.

The President throws his message with a reference to Washington's admonition concerning the value of the Union.

In conclusion we refer our readers to the Message itself, as that account is necessarily imperfect, though we have endeavored so far as is given, to make it correct and faithful to the original.

### SANTA FE.

Society at Santa Fe is said to present a totally different appearance from last year—the Colonel now in command there, having put an end to the gambling, rioting and debauchery among the American troops, which formerly prevailed to extensively. This is well.

### DEMPSTER'S CONCERT.

Mr. Dempster's second concert on last Thursday evening, in the assembly room, probably, of the unfavorableness of the weather, was not so well attended as his first one. We regretted this, for he was in perfect voice, which did not seem to be in the case at the first concert, and his singing was really superb in "Highland Mary," especially, was most admirably sung, and called forth enthusiastic applause. In fact it was so universally though Mr. D. declined singing himself again. We have been informed, in this connection, will show hereafter our services in a better light. Dempster's singing is with him. We asked him, after the concert, why he did not comply, in relation to "Highland Mary," with the evident desire of the audience "Oh," said he, "I could not. That song is so intense and earnest, that it is too much like mockery to repeat it. I should have failed in it had I attempted it again."

The "Dying Child" and the "May Queen" were, as usual, magnificent—and, in respect to the latter, we felt the truth of what the popular Irish authoress, Mrs. S. C. Hall, said of it: "If Mr. Dempster had never done anything else than compose the May Queen, that alone would be sufficient to stamp him a musical genius."

In truth, the May Queen is a perfect composition. It is, as sung by Dempster, the most beautiful thing we ever listened to. The first part, especially, with its rich jubilant, joyous notes; and again, where the verse begins, "All in the wild March morning"—are glorious. Such music, sung by such a voice as Mr. Dempster's, the most insidious to our heart, is calculated to exert a very purifying and elevating influence upon all that hear it.

We understand that it is Mr. Dempster's intention to give a concert in Wilmington in the course of the ensuing week. If his intention should be carried into effect, our Wilmington friends will have an opportunity of judging of the truth of our passages. If they do not agree with us, after having heard Mr. Dempster, they may conclude either that we have no musical taste, or else that they themselves have none, at their pleasure.

### THE JESUITS.

As the statements which are generally made and believed in the liberal parts of Europe, from whence it has been transmitted to the United States, about the Society of Jesus, are very far opposed to the Reform movements and liberal policy of the present Pope, we have thought it right just to that Order, to notice an official denial of this charge, which has recently appeared in the *Courrier Francais*. Ravignan, the "General" of the Society, has written a long letter to the editor of that paper, in which, among other things, he says:—

I repel, then, with all the energy of my soul, Mr. Editor, in my name, and in the name of the entire Order which has designated me its chief, the calumny to which you have opened the columns of your paper. Such an accusation is opposed to truth as to public notoriety, that the Jesuits are to a considerable *of* powerful enterprising against the supreme Pontif whom the whole universe greets with its acclamations. To turn, by vengeance, to blame, to defend Pius the Ninth—to obey him in all things that regard the wise reforms and ameliorations which it may please him to introduce—is for all Jesuits a sacred duty of conscience and of justice which it will ever be a pleasure to fulfil. This duty, thanks to God, the Jesuits of the whole world fulfil, will be the more easy to perform, as the Holy Pontif who is now seated in the chair of Peter, joins to the sacred character with which he is invested, all the virtues which the Church honors, all the great qualities with which God adorns. It will be, besides, for the Jesuits in particular, a duty of gratitude, since from the day on which Pius the Ninth got his tiara with the triple crowns, he has never ceased to honor them with upon the Society and many of his benevolent and paternal affection.

I pray you accept the *assurance* of my consideration.

ROOTHAAN,

General of the Society of Jesus.

The italicising of the phrase "*in a condition of permanent conspiracy*," appears in the letter as originally published.

### WARNING TO WIVES.

Among the many duties which gentlemen have endeavored to impress upon the minds of young women expecting to become wives (as most young women do, in that of always having dinner ready at the time appointed. The importance of this matter has been dwelt upon by male theorists, in a hundred different ways, but we think it can never can be more impressive than the following sketch account of the [illegible] consequences which resulted not long since in Cincinnati, from the neglect or inability of a wife to have dinner ready at the minute appointed. What lady can read it without shudder!

EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.—Mr. Levi Strange fell suddenly last week in the midst of his wife in a fit of excitement, occasioned by going home and not finding his dinner ready.

Mr. Levi Strange, it seems, went home on the full flush of life and hope and happiness, his mind filled with pleasing elastic, light and airy ideas of going to find dinner ready. But alas! when he opened his dining room door, the appalling truth burst upon him that dinner was not ready! Poor Mr. Strange! the shock was too great for him to bear. He had merely strength left to gasp out—"Oh, Mrs. Strange, what strange conduct is this!" and then fell in a state of physical exhaustion upon his own dining table. Such are the fatal consequences that may result from wives not having dinner ready at the appointed moment!

### TRUE DOCTRINE.

In reference to the speculating spirit of the age, the late Dr. Chalmers made at one time the following very just remarks:

"In opposition to the maxim, that the spirit of enterprise is the soul of commercial prosperity, do we hold that it is the cancer of this spirit beyond the moderation of the New Testament, which, pressing on the natural boundaries of trade, is now at length to visit every country, where it operates, with the fatal disorder. You know the issue. It is the shape of beggared capitalists, and unemployed operatives, and dreary intervals of hungry and wild alarm, are observed to follow a season of overdone enterprise."

In connection with the above we may say, that it is never safe to separate religion from our moral *entertainments* from either trade or politics. The truest and only lasting element of political economy are those that are based upon the great truths of Christianity; the truest statesmanship, for the long run, is that which is scrupulously just, and will not violate for a real or supposed advantage the great rule of doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us. The nation which bases any of its systems of trade or of political policy, upon anything else than the principles of the New Testament, builds upon the sand. And yet it is here where the winds begin to blow, and the waves to beat.

### A GREAT RIDE.

The publication of an account of Col. Fremont's great ride, which our readers will find in our editorial column, has brought before the public another ride, which is said to be the longest day's ride on record. Major Gallegue and Capt. Findlay, both of the California Battalion, left San Diego at half-past 5 o'clock on the morning of the 12th of April, and reached Cudal in Los Angeles at half-past 11 o'clock on the evening of the same day; a distance of full one hundred and thirty-five miles. In the last and the subject of a conversation with Mrs. Cobb, on which she avowed that persons had a right to live together in unlawful concurrence, and said it was right. The conduct of Mr. Adams was corroborated by a widow lady, who had been at Newton, and visited there during the time of the gross in the mysteries of the Mormon Church. The second degree gave the privilege of spiritual wifeship. Mrs. Cobb, the witness, was asked if she was willing to take it, and spoke of her connection with Young. Elder Adams declared that Joseph Smith, the founder of the sect, did not live with together true. We have frequently seen it asserted, however, that he practised upon it. Poor, deluded beings!

### PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

The Cherokees are said to be making great progress in the arts of civilized life. As an evidence of their rapid strides towards the highest state of civilization, it is stated that they have already incurred a national debt of about a hundred thousand dollars, which "they are pointing their brains to know how to pay." This latter fact shows, however, that they still have another step to take before they shall have reached the highest civilization. When that step is taken, they will puzzle their heads no longer with the thought of paying off their national debt, but acquire the habit of regarding it as a "fixed fact." "England and France pay, and therefore why should not we?" will be the [illegible] financiers say, "why should Cherokees do?"

### NEW MUSIC.

We have received "The Dying Child and the Angel of Death," written by Mary Howitt, and "The Rainy Day," written by Longfellow, both set to music by Dempster. Of the first, we have several times spoken; the other, "The Rainy Day," is also a beautiful composition. We suppose they can be obtained at any of the principal music stores in this and other cities.

### LOSS OF THE PHOENIX.

The account of the loss of the Propeller Phenix on Lake Michigan, which we hoped was exaggerated, proves not to have been so, in the least. It is said that only sixty-five were saved out of three hundred persons. One hundred and seventy-five were German immigrants. The crew is described as very careless. The Propeller Delaware came in sight at once, but failed to save the unfortunate victims. From an account published by the Buffalo Advertiser, we take the following paragraphs:

The Phenix was first discovered on fire from the Delaware, which was then some two leagues to leeward of her, on the morning of the 21st, about 8 o'clock, by the burning sheet seen by her.

The Delaware was at once put under weigh and headed for the burning propeller, and drove with all possible speed for the scene of disaster. Within fifty rods of the wreck, they heard a voice calling loudly for assistance.

One boat was immediately lowered down and sent in pursuit of the sufferings, and it succeeded in picking him up directly and bringing him safe to the Delaware, when he was found destitute of his clothing and dry garments given him instead. After rubbing him severely he became quite comfortable. He proved to be the first engineer. While passing the Phenix and being picked up, he proceeded to the wreck, where the other boat was lowered down and the clerk was taken up together with one passenger, clinging to the rudder. This boat then picked them up and headed for the wreck, where, after the same means were used as before, they were both revived and again restored to health.

Both boats were then sent in pursuit of more persons, while the Delaware was made fast to the wreck and succeeded in picking up the captain, where she soon in sight fled water. Soon after the arrival of the wreck at Chicago, the Phenix came up, one with five dead bodies, and the other with baggage and furniture.

At this time one of the Phenix's boats came up from the shore where she had been to land some of the drowning, and with the intention should be carried into effect, our Wilmington friends will have an opportunity of judging of the truth of our passages. If they do not agree with us, after having heard Mr. Dempster, they may conclude either that we have no musical taste, or else that they themselves have none, at their pleasure.

### DYING HARMONIES.

J. Bayard Taylor has favored us with the following sweet trio of poems. They are from the Glenmore of Ulsland. Mr. Taylor says they are "exceedingly simple and beautiful in the original," and we think our readers will make short work in saying that they are no less so, in the translation:

I.

THE GERMANS.

What hues, melodious strains are these,
Which charm my dooming ear?
Lo, 'tis the German, from the isolate
Who comes at midnight here!

"I hear no sound, I see no form,
Thou dreamest, friend!"
Then give thee now no surrender,
Then weak and suffering child!"

Oh, but these chords that make come
In rapture and in light;
The angels call me with their song,
And mother, dear, good-night!

II

THE ORGAN.

"Oh, hid these solemn sound,
Kind friend, for me again!
The hymns of its deep heart may make
Mine own forget in pain.

The gray-haired organist obeyed
He played, no salve balmed
So pure, so perfect, as he knew
The very tones no more

Some sweet, some solemn, some entwined
His trembling hands to play.
He passed in fear—for on its wing
His soul had passed away!

III

THE THRUSH.

"I will not for this world depart—
Will be the summer long.
I shall not leave the thrush, that fills
The hedges with my song.

They brought the boy the captured thrush.
The cage hangs o'er his bed.
But the poor captive would not sing
And drooped her glossy head.

He cast a faint, lamenting glance
On his prisoner of the wild.
The thrush began her thrilling song,
And the boy—he also smiled.

### SANTA ANNA

The steamer New Orleans has arrived at New Orleans, with Vera Cruz dates to the 21st November. The most important news is that no attempt having been made by Santa Anna to resume the reins of government, not by force, but by the unanimous consent of the majority of President, which he contends cannot be equitably separated from the constitution of the country. A large force from Santa Anna, dated Nov. 1st, at Tepeaucan, directed to President Pena y Pena, though the latter refused to receive the letter. It is reported that the terms of his resignation were not sufficient and could have no legal force unless accepted by Congress. He never entirely resigned the functions of President, but temporarily consented to the separation of the civil from the military powers of the office, at the stake of the country from the United States does every year, hundreds of thousand of emigrants from the old world, it is of great importance that those emigrants should be sent as soon as possible their foreign origin, its likings and crosses in the country, and that henceforth they are Americans, and only Americans.

### MADAME BISHOP.

We went to see Madame Anna Bishop at the Arch on Monday night, to hear her sing, she would be a splendid actress—that is, her inability to forget her audience, to lose interest in her part, to be always conscious of her sublime position on the play, she never forgets that she is Madame Anna Bishop, and that she is singing for the audience. Her face bears a great resemblance to Fanny Kemble's, or rather to Sully's finest picture of her. Her voice is of great sweetness, a most winning smile, and is altogether a very handsome woman. She walks the stage remarkably well, and her gesticulation is not so many do, by the comic length of their "tragic strut."

### SYMPATHY FOR ITALY.

A very large and enthusiastic meeting was held in New York last week, to express sympathy for the Italians in their struggle for freedom. The meeting was addressed by Benjamin F. Butler, Theodore Sedgewick, J. C. Bosworth, Dudley Selden, Samuel J. Tilden, Robert Kelly, Dudley Field, Hamilton Fornish, and others. Letters were read from Hon. M. Van Buren, Hon. James Buchanan, Hon. G. M. Dallas, Hon. Beverly Johnson, W. H. Seward, T. H. Benton, Silas Wright, Senator Dix, Senator Dickinson, and Hon. Edward Everett. Mr. Growley was then introduced, and read the following series of resolutions, which had been prepared for the occasion, which was unanimously adopted. A similar meeting is talked of in that city.

### COMPLIMENTARY.

The Juniata Sentinel, published in Mifflintown, Pennsylvania, speaks of Hon. Amos Ellmaker, Post. deserve such high commendation, is our earnest endeavor. The editor of the Sentinel will please accept our thanks for the friendly feeling he manifests.

The Saturday Evening Post, the paragon of the Philadelphia weeklies, and, indeed, of weeklies everywhere, is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, newspaper in the United States. It is now in the hands of the fifth generation of the family of its founder, and is conducted with the same spirit of liberality and enterprise which characterized its early days. Its columns are not taken up with the silly, senseless trash which fills the columns of too many newspapers, but with some of the city papers, but are ever well stored with the most interesting reading matter.

### SELLING HIS CROWN.

The Grand Duke of Lucca has sold his crown to Tuscany for 1,000,000 livres of rent. The population of Lucca is one hundred and forty-five thousand, and its territory about thirty leagues square. It is said that this movement has not all the other Italian principalities on a ferment, and that no more are actually for sale at the present moment, subject only to the approval of the Cabinet of Vienna. The Grand Duke of Tuscany will have to get rid of the trouble of their little kingdoms, and go and live on princely revenues in Austria.

### AN OVERBEARING WOMAN.

The editor of the Enquirer has seen a letter from a distinguished physician in London, in which he says a gentleman in that city married a lady of thirty-five, who had had thirty-two children at thirteen births, namely—1 twin, 3 three tones, while the other children were born one by one. Of the twenty-second pair, is another instance of a most overbearing woman. The husband of such a wife would be an object worthy from the Government under which he lives.

### ARRIVALS FROM MEXICO.

A number of distinguished officers have arrived at New Orleans, from Mexico. Among them we notice the names of Major General Quitman, Garland, Cobb, Smith, Colo. Davis, Andrews, Morgan, Ramsay and Burnett, Maj. Dyke-man, Lieuts. Porter and Sweeny, of the New York Volunteers, and last week Major Gaines and Capt. were received at New Orleans with much enthusiasm.

### FIRE ON THE PRAIRIES.

Some of the wealthiest farmers in Washington County, Iowa, have had their fences, houses, barns, and many of their stacks of grain consumed by fire, destroyed by the raging fires of the prairies, which, sweeping over the long and dry grass, destroyed everything in their path. The loss in that county, Congress, but pending this motion the House adjourned.

The election of Mr. Winthrop on the third ballot was accomplished by the following vote, he previously voted for Joseph R. Ingersoll, raising the vote of the latter gentleman to 115, and the consequence of Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, not voting, and another member absent, reduced the vote of the hall.

The rules which governed the House during the last session are, by the resolution, to be in force until the third Monday of the present month, with the exception of the one hour rule. A Committee was appointed to revise and simplify the rules.

On Tuesday, the first business in order was the election of Clerk, and William Campbell was chosen on the first ballot. He had 115 votes, French 109, Greenough 1, Tent 1, and Sargent 1.

The closing message of the President was then received at the hands of his Private Secretary, and was read by the Clerk of the House. Adjourned.

## New Publications.

LOUISA LEMMON, and Mr. and Mrs. WINTHROP. *By Miss Leslie, author of "Kitty's Relations," &c. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* In this number readers will be pleased to hear of the publication of another novel by Miss Leslie. This is intended as a lesson to young women" and as all the novels by this author have been, now, or expect to be young readers, it will be of great interest to all of the fair sex. We do not doubt, however, but some young gentlemen will also be pride of Miss Leslie's readers will turn their hands, and eyes to, and peruse it, if only in the height of presumption for Miss Leslie, or any one else, to write a book for the ladies, and not admit gentlemen. The price of the book, which is embellished with a short tale, called Dudley Villiers, is only 25 cents.

THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES. *By Fayette Robinson, late an Officer of the Army. Philada: E. H. Butler & Co.* These two volumes contain an account of the organization of the Army of the United States, with biographies of distinguished officers of all grades. The author says in his preface, that he has written this book to fill a vacancy in the history of our country, and to preserve, if possible, the memory of the services of those who have passed away, that the achievements of whom were not to be overclouded in the general annals of the United States. The work is embellished with a number of portraits of deceased officers, executed in a superior manner.

THE SECRETS CATECHISM ILLUSTRATED. *By John Todd, D. D. Northampton: J. H. Butler.* The title of this work clearly indicates its object and character. The author says it is his design to have this work and tendency to lead to a spirit of liberality and freedom of religion—to bring fully before the public and the family, and to each individual. It is for sale by *Thomas, Cowperthwaits & Co., Philada.*

NEWMAN'S HYDROSTICS AND MECHANICS. *New York: Graham & Brother.* This work on Hydrostatics and concerning work has been issued. It contains explanations of the many methods adopted by different nations, at various periods of the world, to raise water for purposes of irrigation, &c. For sale by *Zieber & Co., Philadelphia.*

WHEN TO MARRY AND HOW TO ONT MARRIED. We have received Part 2 of this work, which is to be completed in two parts, each 25 cents. As the name of the first part, we can only commend to our readers the second part, which is a guide to proper and improper conduct, not only matrimonial engagements, but in the ordinary intercourse of life. The work is issued by the author, and is published by *Carey & Hart, 126 Chestnut street.*

CHILDREN'S PHYSIOLOGY. We have received No. 1 of "The Physician" from *Carey & Co., and A. of "The New Mineralogy," from Lindsay & Blakiston.*

## Varieties.

THE SUGAR AND COTTON CROPS OF THE SOUTH.—The cotton crop is estimated at 2,375,000 bales, and this estimate is believed to be nearly accurate. The sugar crop of Louisiana is put down at nearly 120,000 last year. The prices range from 3½c to 5½c., and will go lower. Molasses will be equal to abundant and cheap. The prices range from 22c to 25c., but are expected to be 14c. in bbls., and 10 to 11c. on plantation before the season is over.—*Mississippi Paper.*

☞ A boot maker has invented a rotary heel, to be applied to boots, so that when down on one side, by uneven treading, it can be easily treated to the proper level, and even surface, and easier locomotion in the wearer.

☞ A young lady said to her gallant, "Pray clasp your cloak." "Cloak!" said he, putting his arms round her, "and the contents also."

☞ George III., speaking to Archbishop Sutton of his large family, "Well, my lord, I believe your grace has better than a dozen." "No, sire," replied the archbishop, "only seven." "Well," replied the King, "it is not that fewer than a dozen."

☞ Recently the child springs about on his crutches, and irksomely hobbles along the old man on his. What distinguishes the two children? Hope and memory.—*Anon Poet.*

☞ A man's temperature is generally about 98 Fahrenheit. A scientific friend observes, to increase his temperature, all that is necessary is to pull his nose.

## Congressional.

### SENATE.

At 12 o'clock on Monday, the 6th inst., the Vice President called the Senate to order, when a prayer was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Sleepy.

The names of Senators present were answered to their names was forty-one. Messrs. Webster, Baldwin, Dickens, Bradbury, Fetch, Foster, Calquitt, Lewis, Bagby, Bell, Benton and Tyler were absent.

The new Senators present were introduced and sworn into office by the Vice President, viz: Messrs. Hall, Underwood, Dawson, Clarke, Jefferson, Davis, Niles, Douglass, Bradbury, Fetch, Foster, Hunter and Sprague.

On motion of Mr. Breese, the Secretary was directed to acquaint the House of Representatives that a quorum of the Senate had assembled, and had organized itself for the transaction of business.

On motion of Mr. Fairchild, the daily hour of meeting was fixed at 12 o'clock.

On motion of Mr. Hale, the Hon. Messrs. Pierce, Niles, Calhoun, Colquitt and Badlwin, appeared and took their seats.

A message from the House was received, informing the Senate that they had duly assembled, and was ready to proceed to business—and that the House had appointed Messrs. Winthrop, Ingersoll, a committee of both Houses of Congress, to wait on the President and inform him of their organization, and that on its part it had appointed Messrs. Hall and Cobb, as Georgia.

The Senate therefore adopted the usual resolution for the appointment of a Joint Committee to wait on the President, and Messrs. Dix and Hale of Hennes had organized, and were ready to receive any communication that they had to make to the Senate. The Senate on its part appointed Messrs. Mangum, Morehead and Sevier, as the Joint Committee.

After a short absence the Committee returned, and reported that it had performed its duty, and that the President would make a communication to both Houses of Congress this day.

The private Secretary of the President entered with the annual Message, which was read by the Secretary of the Senate.

The message having been read, it was ordered that 15,000 copies of the Message, and of the Report and accompanying Documents be printed.

Mr. Huntington gave notice that he intended to introduce a bill for the relief of the heirs of Peter Jones.

Adjourned.

### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

At 12 o'clock the members were called to order, and the roll was called by Mr. French, the clerk of the last House, when 227 members answered to their names was two hundred and nine-teen.

Mr. Adams moved that the House go into an election by ballot for Speaker, and that the highest vote, which was unanimously agreed to.

The following was the result of the ballot: A. Black and Richard W. Thompson. not so voting.

The vote on the first ballot stood R. C. Winthrop, 108; Lewis Cass, 87; J. R. Ingersoll, 21; R. McClelland, 14; scattering, 14. Messrs. Tompkins and Hilliard were tellers. On the second ballot Winthrop had 114 votes, Cass 87, Ingersoll 21, Lewis C. Levin voted for Mr. Winthrop, Messrs. Palfrey, Giddings, Root, Gott, Hudson, Wilson, John W. Jones for Mr. Gaston, Mr. Palfrey, Giddings, Root, Gott, Hudson, Wilson, and Ingersoll. There being no choice a second ballot was ordered.

On the second ballot the vote stood R. C. Winthrop, 109; Linn Boyd 93; R. McClelland, 13; scattering, 14.

The third ballot was then ordered, when the vote stood R. C. Winthrop, 112; Linn Boyd 97; R. McClelland, 14; scattering, 14. Messrs. Tompkins and Hilliard were tellers. On the fourth ballot Lewis C. Levin voted for Mr. Winthrop. Messrs. Palfrey, Giddings, Root, Gott, Hudson, Wilson, John W. Jones for Mr. Gaston, Mr. Palfrey, Giddings, Root, Gott, Hudson, Wilson, and Ingersoll. There being no choice a second ballot was ordered.

On the second ballot the vote stood R. C. Winthrop, 109; Linn Boyd 93; R. McClelland, 13; scattering, 14.

The third ballot was then ordered, when the vote stood R. C. Winthrop, 112; Linn Boyd 97; R. McClelland, 14; scattering, 14. Messrs. Tompkins and Hilliard were tellers. On the fourth ballot Lewis C. Levin voted for Mr. Winthrop. Messrs. Palfrey, Giddings, Root, Gott, Hudson, Wilson, John W. Jones for Mr. Gaston, Mr. Palfrey, Giddings, Root, Gott, Hudson, Wilson, and Ingersoll. There being no choice a second ballot was ordered.

Mr. Winthrop having received a majority of the votes cast, was declared to be duly elected, and was conducted to the chair by Messrs. Ingersoll and McKay, returned thanks in an able, and elegant address.

The oath of office was then administered to the Speaker elect by Mr. Adams.

The members were then sworn on by States.

The House then proceeded to ballot for the appointment of a joint Committee of both Houses of Congress to wait on the President and inform him that Congress had organized.

Mr. Levin offered a resolution adopting Mr. French as the clerk of the last House of the present Congress, but pending this motion the House adjourned.

The election of Mr. Winthrop on the third ballot was accomplished by the following vote, he previously voted for Joseph R. Ingersoll, raising the vote of the latter gentleman to 115, and the consequence of Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, not voting, and another member absent, reduced the vote of the hall.

The rules which governed the House during the last session are, by the resolution, to be in force until the third Monday of the present month, with the exception of the one hour rule. A Committee was appointed to revise and simplify the rules.

On Tuesday, the first business in order was the election of Clerk, and William Campbell was chosen on the first ballot. He had 115 votes, French 109, Greenough 1, Tent 1, and Sargent 1.

The closing message of the President was then received at the hands of his Private Secretary, and was read by the Clerk of the House. Adjourned.

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

*Fellow Citizens of the Senate and of the House of Representatives:*

The annual meeting of Congress is always an interesting event. The Representatives of the States and of the people assemble from their constituents in the full confidence that their combined wisdom will enable them to adopt measures conducive to the general welfare. Nor has this confidence been disappointed in the past. Our country and our whole country has been signally blessed in its agriculture, in its manufactures, in its commerce, and in its navigation. Peace and plenty have been within its borders, and civil liberty, with the rights of conscience, has been regarded as the birthright of every citizen. Our relations with foreign powers have been preserved in honor, and we have been enabled to hold all the components of our Union together in the bonds of fraternal affection. The progress of events which had rendered unnecessary the annexation of Texas, were deemed by the people of that republic, and by the United States, sufficient to justify and require it. Accordingly, in the month of December, 1845, the two Governments united in the formation of a constitution for the State of Texas, preparatory to her admission into the Union as one of the States of our confederacy. This was consummated by the passage of a joint resolution by the two Houses of Congress, on the 29th day of December, 1845, and the subsequent acceptance of the terms proposed by the resolution. The Texan Congress, by their act of December 19th, 1845, accepted the proposals contained in the resolution, and ratified the same in full convention on the 4th day of July, 1846. The votes of the people of Texas had been previously given for the adoption of the constitution, and the votes subsequently taken for the first President, Members of Congress, and other officers under the constitution, resulted in favor of the candidates who were supported by the friends of annexation. On the 13th day of August, 1846, I announced by proclamation that the terms proposed had been complied with, and that Texas was one of the United States of America. Her Senators and Representatives appeared in their respective Halls of Legislation, and were received as members of the Confederacy. Her reception into the Union was hailed with enthusiasm throughout the land, and hopes were indulged that no causes existed which could interrupt the harmony of our future relations. Those hopes have been realized. Texas has become a prosperous member of our family of States, and no complaint has been heard from any quarter against the manner in which she was admitted into the Union. Her relations with the United States are the same that they are with the other States of the Confederacy, and her domestic concerns have been conducted with the same tranquility which has characterized the other members of the Union. Her population is rapidly increasing, and her resources are being developed with a vigor unsurpassed in the history of any State. Her representatives in the two Houses of Congress are entitled to their seats, and are now members of this body. Her two Senators, chosen by the Legislature, and her Representatives, chosen by the people, were admitted to their seats without objection. Her Senators were divided by lot into the three classes, and the terms of service of her Representatives in the House of Representatives were fixed in conformity with the Constitution. Her Senators and Representatives, when their seats were vacated, will be chosen in the manner prescribed by the laws of the United States

## DO SNAKES CHARM?

We have received the following communication from a correspondent at Centreville, Pa., the latter part of which bears upon the interesting question of the fascinating power of snakes. A. W. says that he has *seen* an instance of the kind:

ESTEEMED FRIEND:—As the snake question has occupied a prominent position in the columns of your very valuable paper, I may be permitted to offer a few remarks in relation thereto, disclaiming at the time any disposition to enter the arena in defence of the *amiable* qualities of snakes; not having observed their possession of those qualities to a very eminent degree. But in corroboration of the truth of the astonishing power by which they are enabled to secure their prey, I may be permitted to offer my humble testimony to a fact that came under my immediate observation.

I do not deem it requisite to endeavor to offer any additional evidence to their *hissing* propensities, on which your numerous correspondents have contributed so much interesting information; or in relation to their powers of locomotion alluded to by your late correspondent of Indiana; although I would be most happy to have our friend G. H. test the correctness of his conclusions, by trial of speed with one of our *black racers*. And though his lordship may choose his own gait, I presume that unless he possess the power of moving his *walking apparatus* with the facility of a young locomotive, he may *calculate* on coming out second best. At least, knowing, as the *natives* here do, the extraordinary faculty of those *amiable critturs* in overcoming space, I presume I hazard little in the conjecture that bets would run freely ten to one in favor of his snakeship.

In regard to the peculiar power of serpents to charm birds and other animals: I do not wish to take the responsibility of making any assertions that cannot be sustained by facts that have come under my immediate observation; and the belief that the statement of such facts alone, may subject me to the no very flattering imputations of our friend G. H., will not deter me from their relation. There are many whose pride of learning is piqued whenever they are unable to comprehend, or explain certain facts of which they have heard, and therefore boldly rush to the conclusion that such facts are *delusions*, without reflecting for a moment, that in consequence of our ignorance of many of the agents of nature, and their different modes of action, that it would be at least unphilosophical to deny the existence of the phenomena, merely because they are inexplicable in the present state of our knowledge. I am free to acknowledge that I was once as skeptical on this subject as our friend G. H.; but on witnessing the repeated manifestations of the power of the will of one person over that of another, as illustrated by the exercise of the magnetic influence, I could as readily infer that a corresponding instinctive power may have been given to animals of an inferior order, for the purpose of enabling them to secure their prey.

But independent of such inconclusive evidence of the truth of a position assumed, and without pausing to discuss its philosophy, I am fully convinced of the correctness of the opinion of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, that "it is a very obvious principle, although often forgotten in the pride of prejudice and controversy, that what has been seen by one pair of human eyes, is of force to countervail all that has been reasoned, or guessed at, by a thousand human understandings."

During the summer of 1836, some persons (with whom I was acquainted,) called to inform me that they had recently passed a very large snake, which was lying on a rail, apparently *sunning* himself, and on their near approach had betaken himself to some bushes adjacent. I took up my gun, and proceeded toward the place, thinking probable his majesty would return to continue a luxury, in the indulgence of which he had been so unceremoniously disturbed; and if so, with the intention of breaking in upon his reveries more abruptly still. On arriving near the place, I advanced cautiously, lest I should alarm his snakeship by my proximity, or in fact lest there should be two of us alarmed. At this time my attention was arrested by the incessant cries of a cat-bird in a clump of alders within a few yards of me, and at the stump of which I beheld the head, and perhaps a foot of the body of a large snake. The bird was near the top of the bush, and I suppose some six or eight feet from the snake, and from its distressing cries appeared to be in great agony, as it performed a circular movement from limb to limb, lowering and contracting its circle of flight, as it approached the snake, which it continued to do for about ten or fifteen minutes, until within a short distance, when it appeared to be paralyzed, and dropped helplessly into his rapacious jaws, when the snake instantly disappeared in the bushes.

There are others in this neighborhood who can testify to the extraordinary fascinating powers of the serpent, but who may perhaps be unwilling to subject themselves to the unpleasant category assigned by our friend G. H., to all who may be so unfortunate as to disagree with him in sentiment in regard to the truth of a most interesting matter of natural history.

A. W.

*Centreville, Pa.*

## Clippings.

☞ Professor Ingraham, the well known novelist, has taken holy orders, and is now a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church—so says the New York Sunday Dispatch.

☞ A young lady scolding her beau for not sending her the pair of new shoes he promised her, writes in a postscript as follows: "P. S.—Them shuz ort to be on hand (!) and the reckle lection stix out about a feet."

☞ To finish all the railway lines now commenced in the United States, it will require $85,000,000.

☞ Bricks were thrown *three miles* by the recent explosion of a powder magazine in Nashville.

☞ Mrs. Place, formerly Miss Josephine Clifton, died at New Orleans on the 22d, in consequence of a violent hemorrhage.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice, stole in and out
As if they feared the light
And oh! she dances such a way
No sun upon an Easter Day
Is half so fine a sight."

☞ Richard Archer has been arrested and is about to be tried in Indiana on the charge of bigamy, or having two wives.

"Insatiate Archer, could not one suffice?"

## Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER.
*No. 24 South Third Street.*
*Philadelphia, December 11, 1847.*

## Married,

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Dr. C. R. Demme, Mr. JOSEPH F. HANS, to MARY ANN SEFFERT, daughter of John Seffert, all of this city.

In this city, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. T. Stork, Mr. JAMES P. DYKINES, formerly of Williamsport, Pa. to Miss AMANDA, daughter of Abraham Schrack, of this city.

On the 2d inst. by Alderman C. Brazer, Mr. DAVIS KNOWLES, to Miss MARGARET RUSSELL, both of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 2d inst. by the same, Mr. WM. M. KIRK, to Miss ELMIRA JOHNSON, both of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 2d inst. by the same, Mr. WM. R. DOAN, to Miss ELIZABETH H. CORSON, both of Bucks co., Pa.

In this city, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. E. R. Fairchild, D. D., Mr. DANIEL BALTS, to Miss MARIA D. SMITH, of Delaware.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Thos. Brainerd, HENRY M. CLAUSE, to SARAH ANN, daughter of Francis Brelsford, all of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. C. C. Burr, Mr. FRANCIS S. WILSON, of Medford, N. J. to Mrs. MARGARET E. EVANS, of Baltimore.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, J. H. PARKER, to ELIZA A. LOAG, all of Southwark.

On the 17th ult. at the residence of Michael Lowber, in Camden, Del. according to the discipline of Friends, C. W. MITCHELL, of Philadelphia, to PATIENCE J. LOWBER, daughter of Michael Lowber, of Camden, Del.

At Brownsville, Pa. on the 25th ult. by the Rev. T. Martin, CHARLES E. SWEARINGEN, of Wheeling, Va. to MARY ELIZABETH, daughter of the Hon. Andrew Stewart, of Uniontown, Pa.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, Mr. AMOS P. HUGHES, to Miss MARGARET W. MURRAY.

On the 5th of August last, by Ald. Thompson, ISAAC TURNEY, of Philadelphia, to HENRIETTA M. SMITH, formerly of Harrisburg, Pa.

At St. Paul's Church, N. Y. on the 24th ult. by the Rev. M. P. Parks, WM. H. BEEBE, of Philadelphia, to EMMA, daughter of W. W. Shirley, Esq. of N. York.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Jones, D. D., Mr. AUGUSTUS COREY, to MARGARET C. DRANE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Waage, Mr. E. M. JONES, formerly of Coopersburg, Lehigh county, Pa. to Miss WILHELMINA, daughter of David Weidner, Esq. of Hoppenville, Montgomery county.

## Died,

## THE LADIES' GARLAND AND DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

The undersigned having purchased from Mr. J. Van Court "The Ladies' Garland," designs issuing it at the commencement of the New Volume, in January, 1848, in an improved style, and by adding to it such new and attractive features as shall serve to entitle it to a high position among the literary periodicals of the day. Possessing considerable experience, and combining with that experience extensive facilities for presenting to the public one of the best and cheapest magazines in the country, he is determined to tax his exertions to the utmost, in order to render the "Garland" more worthy than ever of the liberal patronage it has already received, and gain for it a wider and more enlarged sphere of usefulness.

It will not be expected that, in the limits of a brief Prospectus, he should go into an enlarged detail of the improvements he intends to carry into the publication of this excellent periodical; suffice it to say, that whilst the best literary and artistic talent in the country will be engaged to add attraction to the pages of "The Ladies' Garland," its readers will be compelled to admit that their patronage was never bestowed on a more meritorious publication. In short, it is the proprietor's intention to make it one of the best and most popular, as it undoubtedly will be the

### CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE UNITED STATES.

The large outlay of capital which the prosecution of his plans must necessarily involve, can only be justified by a corresponding increase of patronage on the part of the literary public. That this will be secured he cannot doubt, nor does he question the fact that when the subscribers to the "Garland" see a specimen of what he intends that Magazine to be, they will wonder how so superior a publication can possibly be furnished for the insignificant price of its subscription. They may be assured, however, that every promise made shall be scrupulously fulfilled, and the merits of the "Garland" be so enhanced, as to win its way to public favor in a manner unexampled in the history of the popular literature of America.

### TERMS.

The terms upon which the "*Ladies' Garland and Dollar Magazine*" will be furnished, are as follows:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 copy, | One Dollar | 15 Copies, | Nine Dollars |
| 4 copies, | Three Dollars | 18 " | Ten Dollars. |
| 7 " | Five Dollars | 30 " | Fifteen Dollars |

# Selected Poetry.

## THE CHILDLESS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

When I think upon the children,
How I sorrow for the griefs
They pervaden the silent cloisters
Of their still and joyless home!
They do not hear the gleesome sound
Of infant voices sweet,
The gush of dairy laughter,
Or the tread of tiny feet.

Their hand the little shining head
Can never fondly press,
They never on the cozed lip
Imprint a warm caress;
They never hear a lisping tongue
Pronounce their name in prayer,
Or watch beside the cradle
Of a slumberer calm and fair.

Their age is dull and lonely;
In the solemn hour of death
No fond and weeping offspring
Receives their parting breath;
And they feel the hollow nothingness
Of homes, lands and name,
Knowing that those who love them not
The heritage must claim.

Then I sorrow'd for the childless:
But one long, in happier mood,
I thought how Providence o'errules
Each earthly thing for good.
With the pleasures of the present
There isn't had conquered,
For deceit not on the truth ?
And the vanities have opened
They know not what it is to stand
An infant sufferer by—
To mark the cancer fevered cheek,
The bright and restless eye:
And feel that in that feeble breast
That form of fragile make,
Unto happiness is garner'd up,
Their earthly hopes at stake:

They know not, as the most unfold,
How hard it is to win
The little heart to cling to good,
And shun the ways of sin.
They reck not of the sinful change,
Amid a world of strife,
To train a tenant for the skies,
An heir of endless life.

They see not the small coffin laid
Beneath the heavy sod,
Striving to solace their burning breast
To bear the stroke of God,
Then turning to the lonely home,
Once gay with children's mirth,
To view the silent scenes over
The sad, deserted hearth.

Yet, is it not a blessed thought
That we have One above
Who deals to us our varied gifts
With such impartial love?
Let not mortal's fretful lot,
Our anxious minds malign
God knows what he hath and ones.
And judges for the best

He wisely with some sharkery cloud
Unprovide our longings ill,
He kindly closes our deepest gloom,
Or with some benignant ray;
And we may safely rest on Him,
Whose loving mercy lies
Not only in the good He sends
But that which He denies.

# Selected Articles.

## DUELLING.

FROM THE EDINBURGH EXAMINER.

We copy the following from the Raleigh Register, of North Carolina :—

"We regret to learn that Henry F. Harris, Esq., a member of the last Legislature, from Pitt county, was killed in a duel, on Friday morning last, at the Mallwart House, on the Dismal Swamp Canal, a short distance within the Virginia side of the line, by E. C. Yellowly, Esq., of the same county."

Mr. Harris was an impetuous, ill-disciplined, passionate man. He was the Whig representative last year, from his district. Mr. Yellowly, who is amiable, yet resolute, opposed his nomination. Harris was returned by the Whig majority, when the party could have given him hundreds. Stung by the smallness of the return, he said, after the poll was over, to Yellowly :

"You should remember, you are the cause of this. If you had not opposed my nomination, I should have had the usual majority."

"I opposed your nomination," replied Yellowly, "as I had a right to do, but I supported you at the ballot-box."

Thereupon Harris struck him—they clinched, and were separated. Many supposed this would end the matter. But Harris retired to the room, armed himself with a double-barrelled gun, and pursued Yellowly, swearing he would shoot him the first place he met him. The citizens here interfered, and bound both parties to keep the peace for twelve months.

But though the letter of the law was kept, its spirit was violated. Every day, and often by moonlight, Harris was out practising, until he had perfected himself. When the year had expired, the parties met, and the aggressive fell! He died by the hand of his brother, in the midst of his long engendered and bitter hate. He died, his last endeavors being to rub that brother of his life! The cool sleep; the survivor, living, though innocent as the darkest ever can be, will mourn the blood he shed, and plant over it—tears.

Is not strange that man should resort to so savage and barbarous a practice? Life not a matter that he should deliberately inflict a double mangled—death upon his adversary, and, second, a more terrible one upon himself. And for what? An insult—breath hastily or lately pouted out. This, forsooth, must be atoned for, and the price is blood—human blood—the life God has given, and which none but God has the right to take. Honor! There is not a step taken, from the first conception to the last act of the duel—not a line penned —not an arrangement made—which is not marked by dishonor, by meanness, by a species of trick and management which, elsewhere, and under any other circumstances, would be scouted as contemptible, and roused to base, by all just-minded men.

Trace the history of a duel.

1. Childish parents. What is the first step which follows, as a general rule? That the parties put themselves under immediate training. They get for that purpose, Pistols go and work with them; take a coppling as a mark; they fire at that until they can hit it easily—until they are considered "a good shot." The opponent ought to not meet each other in the place of pressure, as ere the blood has cooled, and settle their differences at once. The crack of the pistol is not the immediate consequence of the insult offered, at the inferior meeting. But deliberate days go to work, and week hard and constantly, until they can run a young one no longer round than a man's thumb. When this is accomplished, they have taken the first step.

The next is, to accustom the nerves to the cloud of firing. A man who will waken by a pistol going off. But the crack of a gun, shot by another, may not trouble him, so he can look wide of the mark. To the crack he must be thoroughly accustomed. The first step is, consequently, to use it balls at the practice. The ground is chosen—at each second shots are put in proper places; a mark opponent stands opposite; the word is given; and they fire. This is kept up day after day. It is kept up until the cool observer, or the experienced trainer, and the parties themselves, know that the eye and the nerve are familiarly accustomed to every movement that will be made on the field of blood.

But as that letting the nerves is an all-important matter, another course of training is resorted to. If the parties waver at all. Indeed, it is easily effected by copious draughts. Four or five friends stand round to partake; some before, some back, some in front of him; as the word is given—when you ready—prepare. Are—they all blaze away, and generally before the mark. This is continued until the parties can name to a nicety about the conclusion and never at if they were alone. Sometimes, when fears are entertained that the nerves of the parties are not steady, muskets or heavily charged guns are fixed in their faces—and fired until they are entirely unconcerned and firm. The physical man is thus trained to meet the emergency, trained to blood—to deaden his sensibilities—so that he may more surely take the life of another, and save his own!

When thus prepared, the parties meet. And now comes an opportunity for the display of courage and trick.

First: there is a good deal in *choice of position*. The sun may affect the sight at one point; a fence may be near, so as to give fine to the pistol; the ground may be slightly rising, and if so, the opponent will be apt to overshoot—these, and twenty other important or material advantages are to be examined into by seconds, and turned to the best account by their principals.

Second: there is as much in giving the word. A principal gets accustomed to his second's voice —his pause—the length of words and phrases, after long practice, exactly what to do. For instance: one second is slow, another fast; or one begins deliberately, and quickens as he goes on; if the party gets his cue second, he has an advantage equal sometimes to half a yard, at others, to a full round. Then any one may readily perceive by pronouncing the usual command—Are you ready?—prepare—fire! One, two, three—in different tones, and with slower or quicker movement.

Third: there is a good deal in the dress. Every object, such as a button, or breastpin, or anything which makes a contrast, is carefully removed. The usual dress for the duellist is a *large, high covering wrapper*, made as near the color of the earth as may be. This is startled. Then, the adversary cannot tell his sight upon a particular spot, and, as it lags out, he is liable to mistake the true position of the body. And then the parties are drilled to put the body in as small a compass as possible, so as to guard the vital parts as far as it can be done.

If neither party is hurt, after firing, they make up, and have a laugh over it. If one falls, the other escapes, as *if he knew* he had done a felon deed.

This is a brief outline of this *honorable* practice! The reader has the details given, more or less true of all southern dueling—a picture of the course which *honorable* men pursue in endeavoring to slay each other! Could anything, in itself, be more degrading or contemptible? In there any practice, we ask again, more richly deserving the ridicule and scorn of all brave men? It is a step of human weakness and meanness—an insult to every manly feeling—to every principle, and should be hooted out of civilized society, as the foul and irreligious blot of a rude and barbarous age.

## GOLD AND SILVER.

It is stated in Jacobs' essay on the precious metals, that in the time of Rhyt-Sesostris and Pompeii, which were destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, more than seventeen centuries ago, no ornaments of gold or silver have been found. In some of the houses of Pompeii, skeletons of the inhabitants have been discovered—in all, domestic utensils, and personal ornaments—but those by which in the present day, the precious metals are almost exclusively adopted by the middle class of persons, are conspicuous by their absence. The reason is that when in the dwellings of the inhabitants, at the time the eruption took place, they would be found there at the present time, as the iron and bronze have been, of which their spoons and forks were made, and which have retained their shape after the lapse of so many years.

## FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The French Revolution produced incalculable blessings to their country. Before that revolution, one-third of the property of the kingdom was in the hands of the clergy; the rest in the hands of the nobility. Where the former was not, the latter was sacrificed, the interests of thousands were promoted. After dining with that friend of universal liberty, the patriot Condorcet, he at once invited me to walk upon the top of his house, that commanded a view of the surrounding country. "Before the revolution," said he, "all the farms and hamlets you see were mine. I am now reduced to a thousand acres, and I exult in the diminution."

## HYMN.

The following beautiful Hymn, by Alonzo Lewis, Esq., was sung at the late Castle Shaw, at Lynn, Massachusetts :

We thank Thee, God of harvest-home! for what Thy love bestows,
For all the varied providence that from Thy bounty flows.

We thank Thee for the vernal rains that fertilized the ground,
For the warm sunshine whose warring mass like ocean rolled the plain.

We thank Thee for the frostful show at bright and yellow ripened,
Whose golden heaps harmonize our fertile fields adorn.

We thank Thee, God of harvest-home! for all Thy fruit so fair,
The ripe ear with its yellow cheek, the ripe and mellow pear,
The downy peach, the luscious plum, the purple-clustered grape,
And the fair show of radiant flowers that in our gardens bright.

We thank Thee, God of harvest-home! for more than we will see,
We thank Thee for the fragrant hay that fills our home as well.
We praise Thee for the precious gifts that make our hearts rejoice,
And the chaste cheer of hamlethid roots, sweet food for man and beast.

We praise Thee, God of harvest-home! that while in other lands
Pale famine stalks, and sweeps away their fever-stricken lands,
Our homes are blest with health and love, with plenty for our need,
With social and domestic peace yield, and harvest-home!

We bless Thee, God of harvest-home! for all that we partake;
Then let our hearts with gratitude their hymn of praise awake,
And when, our day of labor past, our harvest-home shall close,
May our souls, like ripened fruit, be safely gathered home.

# Science and Art.

## PROFESSOR AGASSIZ'S LECTURES.

One of the most interesting series of lectures recently delivered, is that by Professor Agassiz, in New York city, upon natural science. These lectures have been published in the journals as they were delivered, and exhibit the most prominent research into the depths of nature. Animal life is traced in all its various forms and changes, to the present geological period. The types and forms reached their present perfection. The conclusions are directly at variance with the dogmas of Darwin and the Vestiges, and the whole theory of development or evolution of some perfect type of animal life from a lower, when thereby tended to infinite progression, has occasioned much discussion. Professor Agassiz thinks that the whole world of animal life was created, and proves that the great and beautiful and harmonious plan of the Creator has been carried out and finished in the creation of each species